

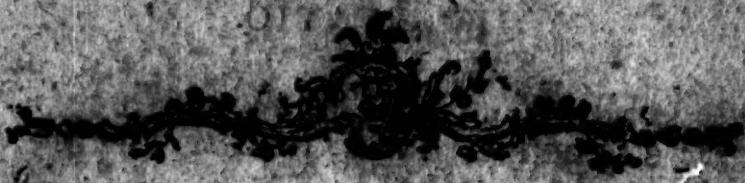
ALEXANDRI POPE
DE
ARTE CRITICA
LIBER.
ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

POEMA ANGLICUM
CARMINE LATINO
REDDERE
TENTAUT
JO. JAC. COLLENBUSCH,
ECCLESIASTES BRÜCKERFELDENSIS.

DESSAVIAE,
IN TABERNA LIBRARIA ERUDITORUM.
MDCCCLXXXII.
Conf. 6. gros.

Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes,
Culpabit duros, incomitis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum, ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta, parum claris lucem dare coget,
Arguet ambigue dictum, mutanda notabit,
Eius Aristarchus.

HORAT.



PRÆFATIO.

Quum primum inducerem animum, publici iuris hoc opusculum facere: tironum illud vīibus destinabam, qui linguae latīnae forsā, et anglicae studium coniunge-rent. Quāmobrem accommodatas huic fini varia in chartam coniiciebam animaduersio-nes, retentis admodum paucis celebertimi quondam interpretis. Sed abstīti postea co-natu, ne scilicet viderer noctuam Athene-

adferre velle. Qued ne cadat in me, vereor etiamnum, tantè, huius ab auctore vix vicenario scripti poematis, interpretationum copiâ, quarum tamen binas modo, germanicas, videre mihi licuit. Hac novâ versus anglicos, totidem latinis exponere tentavi.

Qui prope viam aedificat vel parua mampalia, non carebit censoribus. Verum hi non omnes erunt Aristarchi, quorum metuone positus sit infra horizontem hic libellus, Ianum fortassis, et Vertumnum haud spectaturus, sed Sosios deterriturus. Quae mente versans, né securus etiam unice viderer quale fit cordatiorum de testamentis meis exiguis iudicium, neu simul actum agerem, aliud quoque mutavi consilium, de vita nimirum Poppii quaedam differendi, vix tandem ausus, unicam tantum ex sylloge latinarum, quae Neptuni, vel Vulcani vim euaserunt, epistolarum mearum subiicere, Londino die III. Nonar. Ianuar. clo lo ccl xix missam ad beatæ memoriae Virum Alberti, Pastorem quondam Hamburgensem:

Scio,

PRAEFATI^{ON}

— — — Scio, quod magis cupias
rariora quaedam ex Anglia rescire. Verum
nimius admirabilium numerus ancipitem ad-
fert curam eligendi, quid potissimum scri-
bam. Quare missa haec feci. Curis obruto
Londini tristis plerumque dies adimit illum
hilaritatem; quae quidem ad exquisitum epi-
stolare commercium requiritur. Saepius hoc
loco sol vix conspicitur per nebulas, hyeme
meridiem obscurantes. Quare, qui possunt
illum subinde cum vicino commutant, ubi
saepius caelum maxime splendescit, sublu-
stres quando tenebrae premunt magnam hanc
urbem, quam considerans veterum memor
monumentorum sibi praecipit:

Omitte mirari beatae

Funum, et opes, si repitumque Romae.

Grenovicum semel, terque visi Richmon-
tium. Vix adscenderam cum conterraneo
quodam inclytum ipsius prima via collem,
atque prospectus iucundissimi caussa domum
ingressus eram eminentiorem, quam Regum
Angiae, duoque Principes Megalopolitanos, equo

PRAEFATIO.

vectos eundem cliuum ascendere, Londinumque per amoenos anfractus repetere viderem.

Ceterum hic terrarum angulus praeter similes fere, quos oculis obseruavi, mihi ridet. Nam offert se contemplantibus ex una parte Londinum, inter alias, quas mihi quidem spectare contigit, Europaeas vrbes tantum eminens,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi,
ex altera Tamisis, Maendri more saepius infemet ipsum recurrens, per planiciem hortis, aedificiis, et sexcentarum rerum varietate distinctissimam, atque formosissimam. Deinceps REGIAE MATRIS aedium partem externam non longe Richmontio distantium vidi, turisque Chinensis speciem luci perviam miratus sum, quam IPSA iussit erigi. Accessi postea Regium in hortum, ubi plurima deprehendi variata, quaedam ut a socio celebris nominis Tui quidem indicata nequicquam quaelitum ires.

Haecuit

Placuit autem postremo gratum iter pendibus carpere, Popiique vatis antiquum hortum visere Twickenhamii, duo millaria duntaxat anglica Richmontio recedentem. Stanhopeius nobilis illum possidet. Inter viridarii maximam partem, et aedificium, platea communis erat, duobus ab utroque divisa muris. Intromissis in aream, quam domus decorat, statim vicinus adfulgebat Tamesis, hanc fere lambens. Quem fluvium intuens memini quatuor versus Denhamii:

*O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.*

Flumen illud memores horum versuum aures saepius vellisse Popio videtur, qui finem attigit, quem sibi prior optauit.

* O quam suaue, quam spatiiosum antrum sub fulgido patuit aedificio seque sub via publica protendit ad hortum usque. Ibi videbar mihi videre Manes adhuc errantes Popii — — — et aliorum, qui non imbre fo-

PRAEFATIO.

lum, Dux uti Troianus, compulsi verum amicitiâ, descendique capiditate, praeterea honestae delectationis amore, vel etiam propinqui solis aestu monente, saepius huic speleo successerunt, ibique quadam in camera simul accubuerunt. Quippe diuiditur in varias partes. Ad sinistram per aliquot flexus, illa de qua scribo, recedit. Per antrum autem medium via, quatuordecim passus longa, variis distinguitur amoenitatibus. Ubi que selectiores adsunt lapides, qui quibusdam in locis formant alga circumdante cava-
tates, in quas aqua se volente domino pro-
fundit. Specula non tantum utrinque, sed etiam supra, sunt lapidibus intexta, quae reddunt inuersam consulentis imaginem. Ad dextram erant alias partes specus. Hic ad aquae lene caput sacrae, largior petrae sedes incisa musco vestiebatur, cui semel aliquantulum insidendo Popii saepius in illa meditati quasi vestigia venerabam. Duxit aliorsum Agathes noster admirantes; nosque per cel- lam, in qua vestimenta reponunt aquâ se frigidâ loturi, festinâimus ad ipsum balneum.

Quae-

PRAEFATIO.

ix

Quaerebam, num illo Romanos imitatus sit Popius. Negavit olitor, posteroque tempore dixit additum fuisse. Descendebatur octo gradibus in aquam labro polygonio contentam lapideo, pluribus satis ampio lauandis. Angli solent adeo lauationem maritimam frequentare diversis in locis. Sunt qui putant, post hunc usum frigidae plerisque velut subductum, dici nunc posse:

*Mucies, et nova febrium
Terris incubuit cobors,
Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Lethi corripuit gradum.*

Conspicabar attentius illa subterranea. Varios intra lapides, conchas, et rariora regni mineralis spolia, notaui quasdam fluminis olim ignei partes ex Veseuo subinde profluentis. Adspexi materiam marmoream, qua parietes Herculanei quandam amiciebantur, et fragmine pavimenti superbi, saepe forsitan tincti falerno, cuius superficie partes erant insertae marmoris quadratae, quarum diagonalis non superabat magnitudine diametrum duplieis.

solidi lubecensis. Emensus cavernam trans-
fennis ferreis a vicino Tamisi separatam, oculis fructum uberrimum capiebam ex flumine
reducto, ripis angustioribus coercito, planicieque iucundissimam, quae Richmontii collem aedificiis variis fulgentem ambibat. Tandem cum socio per speluncam illam sub aedibus, et sub platea commemorata perreximus dictum in hortum. Dies erat amoenissimus.
Frigus abest adhuc ab hac parte mundi divisiisque toto penitus orbe Britannis. Quare melius etiam omnia tanquam verno tempore ridebant. Intrantibus viridarium non duae sicut Herculi, sed viae sece tres offerebant. Quatum sinistram priusquam ingrederemur, praeviam deflexit attentionem nostram monstrator, ad inscriptionem forium cryptae;

Secretum iter, et fullentis semita vita;
quam anglice sic expressam extulit:

A secret path leading to a deceiving Life,

Sat Musarum amanti, cuius vita fallit alios,
forte beatior.

Pauca

Pauca per hortum invenias artis vestigia. Ille patet, uti custos ipsius rogantem resecutus est, sex et dimidium iugera fundi. Latitudo quarta pars visa fuit longitudinis. Dispersae passim comparuerunt urnae, quas dono dedito dives amicus prohibetur. Has circumspectanti venit in mentem veteris ritus. Noui nunc etiam Anglum, qui dixerit: „Quantum praferendus est mos antiquus! Quae pestis saepius afflavit sepulcrorum apertores! Quantum nocet accumulatio cadauerum in templis, quantum in urribus! Nonne contagio saepe totas post praelia provincias infestauit? Per flamas confestim corpora tradebantur elementis, unde duxerant originem.“ — — —

Sed pedes nostri,

Devenerat lacus lactos, et amorsa vireta.

Nondum omnibus viduatae foliis erant arbores. Quin harum nouae comae Londini, sacerdotis cuiusdam ex aedibus, postridie natus talis

talis Christi conspiciebantur. In extrema viridarii parte pietatis erat monumentum Poppii, columna scilicet in editiori loco matris ipsius Manibus erecta. Altitudo fere viginti quatuor pedum; basis quadrata. Longitudinis tractu redibat in augustiorem superne formam. Titulus fuit:

*Ab Editha, matrum optumz, mulierum amantissima! Vale,
Lacrimae laudentur mortuis, atque morituris
sacrae. Sed nonne Popio fuisset acclaman-
dum; et tu!*

*Cedes coemtis saltibus, et domo,
Villa, flavius quam Tamis lauit,
Cedes; neque harum quas colis arborum,
To praeter inuisus cupressus,
Ulla breuem dominum sequitur.*

Arbores illas suspiciebam proceras, quae me-
dium horti spatium in varios circulos, atque
figuras dividebant ouatas, in sinu quorum
habitare fertur Spiritus Anglicae Camoenae,
quem ad ferendam opeim frustra, versus me-
ditans, nomine cieat Bauius, et si Popio
fautor

fautor fuerit plurimis in versuum generibus excellentissimo.

Neque fere minor in omni vitae genere fuit. Vnum, quod vitio vertitur, audivi, nempe quod amicitiam sanctissime colendo, non temere, vel nunquam iniurias illatas sibi, condonauerit hominum imbecillitati. Quod an verum sit, nescio. Quidam adiunxit, quod sales valde dilexerit. Puer mercenarius ipsi facem praeferebat aliquando, cui quum non fatis soluere culpanti videtur gibber Popius, anglicam hic phrasin usurpauit quandam ancipitem, quam sic imitari liceat: Faxit caelum, ut nulla sit inter nos differentia. Quae puer audiens Popio respondit: rem tuam tibi habe, nollem hac conditione quidquam ex tuis. Quod effatum adeo placuit optimo viro, statim ut duplo bearet illum luciferum.

Verum acriori semel sale perfricabatur,
quum interesset amicorum coetui, nimirum
Gayi,

Gayi, Addisonii, Steelii, cet. quos inter de-
sensu loci cuiusdam Homeriani, Popio mon-
stranti difficilis non poterat conuenire. Sci-
licet ipsorum in thermopolio Bottoniano
congregatorum amicas hac de causa discepta-
tiones interpellauit Signifer quidam imber-
bis. Quod percipiens Criticus noster bilem
sibi moueri sensit, atque lucem ipsius in ob-
scuro loco flagitare simulauit. Addatis qua-
so, respondit miles, huic lineae signum inter-
rogandi, sic nulla remanebit obscuritas. Quo
dicto Popius indignabundus: quid est signum
interrogationis? Tunc ille vexillarius: est
paruum, curuum, impudens quidpiam, tibi
simile, quod quaerit responsonem. Recte
ceterum bellator litem secuisse fertur. Unde
regulæ quaedam. Sed miseret me vicem tan-
ti viri sic reprehensi, quin facti fidem addu-
bitaui. Nam certe fuit obuius cuiuis huma-
nitate, neque fuit illorum in numero, qui
se primos esse putant omnium, nec sunt.
Quantam coluit amicitiam cum summis viris,
quos

quos doctrina, quosque morum adiunxerat elegantia, qui partim adhaeserunt illi, licet aliam sequenti religionis formulam. Quantos noster labores exantlauit, quorum ubi satietas ipsum caperet, in hoc semet viretum abdidit, ibi quieti sacrificaturus, Musisque secessum poscentibus.

Medio horto manu factus collus eminebat inter arbores. Ipsum scandentibus in dimidia parte viae, cochlidii formam reddentis, magna fissura, maiorem hiatum, atque ruinam minitans effugienda fuit. Dicitur illa Maevium exspectare, qui contemti Popii Manibus, sepultura sua sub hoc tumulo, semet ipsum referat inferias. Nos caute vitauimus hoc periculum. Euasimus igitur ad summum cacumen, unde iucundissimus erat in paradisum quasi prospectus, per largam aperturam arborum, umbram alias hospitalem confociare ramis amantium.

Ibi saepius consedit Popius, atque mentem oblectauit. O dulcis adspectus, arbo-

esr

PRAEFATIO.

res quem sepiunt, et pandunt. O mons
amoene, quem concentus avium amabilem
quoque reddit. Ibi sub tegmine lauri sedere,
quanta voluptas! Ut ibi contigisset domi-
num tuum quondam videre! Sed accidit il-
li, quod Horatius cecinit :

*Et exstructis in altum
Divitiis patitur bores.*

Utinam amicis ibi, doctisque sermonibus in-
teresse potuisssem! Non mea tanta fuissest,
quanta huius epistolae loquacitas. Discendi
studiosus libenter audio. Sed mihi fors ne-
que hoc, neque tua V. S. R. dedit amplius
conuersatione frui, pro qua gratiis iterum
actis, longum tibi dico Vale.

ALEXAN-

ALEXANDRI POPE
DE
ARTE CRITICA
LIBER.
ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

*Quidquid prascipies esto brevis, ut cito diffite
Percipient animi dociles, teneantque fideles — —
Unde parentur operi; quid alat formetque poëtam,
Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error.*

HORAT.

A

Essay on Criticism.

T is hard to say, If greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill.
But of the two less dang'rous is th' offence;
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.
A Fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse, makes many more in prose.

"Tis with our judgment as our watches, none
10 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true Genius is but rare,-
True Taste as seldom, is the Critic's share;
Both must alike from heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
15 Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet

De Arte Critica Liber.

Dicere difficile est, artis penuria maior
In censore malo compareat, an male scripta.
Ex vitiis, minus est autem discriminare, binis;
Delassare animos, quam veri reddere vanos.
5 Rarior illorum numerus, sed plurimus horum.
Dena cohors, scriptore malo, male iudicat, orto.
Stultus ridiculum tantummodo se dedit olim:
Vate uno, quot nunc fatui, sermone pedestri!

Iudicium par automatis, queis noscitur hora;
10 Inter se distent, propriis confidere mos est
Ingenium felix ut dos est rara Poëtae:
Vero sic gustu Critici sunt raro beati.
Ambo param caelo lucem deducere oportet,
Censurae natos, calamis natosque movendis.
15 Hi doceant alios, quos ipsos fama coronat;
Apponatque notas, qui scripsit Apolline dextro.
Ingenium solet ipse suum nimis auctor amare,
Iudicioque suo Criticus Suffenus adhaeret.

Essay on Criticism.

- 4 Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
20 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind.
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
25 So by false learning is good sense defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made Coxcombs nature meant but Fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
30 Those hate as rivals all that write; and others
But envy wits as eunuchs envy lovers.
All such have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side:
If Maevius scribble in Apollo's spight,
35 There are, who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
Turn'd Critic's next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,

As

De Arte Critica Liber.

3

Attamen invenies, proprius res adspiciendo:

- 20 Semina iudicij quod mentibus omnibus infint
Sublustrum saltim lucem natura ministrat;
Linea subtilis modo, non delirat amissi.
Umbra sed ut veros imitans tenuissima ductus,
Apparet spurio mage dedecorata colore:
25 Sic animi lumen foedat doctrina finistra.
Sunt, quibus effera mens labyrintho facta scholarum,
Naturâ fungi quidam, evasere Thrasones.
Qui perdit mentem, mentis dum querit acumen,
Criticus illico fit, proprius futetur ut armis.
30 Odit hic, ut rivalem, omnem qui scribit, et alter
Invidet ingeniis, eunuchus ut odit amantes.
Aestuat haec gens ridendi prurigine semper,
Partibus agglomerans, promptis resonare cachim.
Maevius invito si fundit Appolline versus:
35 Peiores illo censores anne carebunt?

Ingenio celebres quosdam mox fama Poëtas,
Censoresque facit, voluendo tempore stultos.
Quidam neu Critics, neu mentis nomine clarent:

Essay on Criticism.

- As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
40 Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our ifle,
As half-form'd infects on the banks of Nile;
Unſiſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal!
To tell'em would a hundred tongues require,
45 Or one vain Wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be ſure your ſelf, and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
50 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet,
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the Ocean gains,
55 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid Pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,

The

De Arte Critica Liber.

7

Sic asino, sic mulus equo, sub pondere, distat.

40 His scatet ingenii leve doctis insula nostra:

Ut male formatis insectis litora Nili.

Entia non completa, quibus quoque nomen adem-
tum,

Tam vaga, proreptit soboles haec significat!

Ut genus hoc memores, centum fas dicero linguis,

45 Unâ vel fcioli, totidem lassare valenti.

Sin famam facere est animus, famamque merere

Et Critici iuste tibi sumere nobile nomen:

Quid valeant humeri noscas, quid ferre recusat;

Ingeniumque, saporque tibi, doctrinaque quanta;

50 Ne vada coeca ruat tua prora; sed esto modestus,

Puncta notans, quibus est mens obvia sana stupori

Legitimos posuit fines natura quibusvis,

Ingeniumque ferox vani praecauta retorsit.

Oceanus terras ut nostras fluctibus addens,

55 Vastum aliis linquit regionibus aequor arenae:

Sic animi vires superat quum vis memor omnes,

Mox intellectus te deficit integra virtus;

Phantasiae, radiis, ubi vis praefeuenda ludit:

Essay on Criticism.

- The memory's soft figures melt away.
 60 One science only will one genius fit;
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like kings we lose the conquest gain'd before,
 65 By vain ambition still to make them more.
 Each might his several province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

- First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same:
 70 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart;
 At once the source, and end, and test of art;
 Art from that fund each just supply provides.
 75 Works without show, and without pomp presides,
 In some fair body thus the secret soul
 With spirits feeds, with Vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion gives, and evry nerve sustains,

Itself

De Arte Crítica Liber.

9

Immemori lenes liquuntur mente figuræ.

- 60 Ingenio tantum ipsa scientia convenit uni;
Tam locuples ars est; tam vires mentis inique,
Non modo distinctis teneantur ut artibus unis,
Sæpe sed adstrictæ solis sint partibus harum.
Regibus adfimiles amittimus antea parta:
65 Ambitione levi cupimus dum plura parare.
Singula namque regi cuivis provincia posset:
Cuncti, ad quæ noscum, si se demittere vellent.

Iudiciis primo naturæ attinge magistrum,

Illius ad normam, cynosuram semper eandem!

- 70 Nescia nam falli divina luce coruscat.
Hoc clarum, commune, sed invariabile lumen,
Det vitam cuivis, vires, formamque, necesse est;
Lydius, illa, lapis, scopus, et simul artis origo;
Unde parentur opes, haec ars hoc ubere gaudet;
75 Haud iactanter agit, sine pompa praesidet omni.
Sic occulta solet iuens pulcro corpore quodam,
Omnia pascere spiritibus, completere vigore,
Quosque ciet motus, ac nectos sustinet omnes,

Essay on Criticism.

Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.

- 80 There are whom heav'n has blest with store of wit,
 Yet want as much again to manage it;
 For wit and judgment ever are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the M�t's steed;
 85 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

- Those Rules of old discover'd, not devil'd,
 Are nature still, but nature methodiz'd:
 90 Nature, like monarchy, is but restrain'd
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

- Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
 When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights;
 High on Parnassus top her ſons ſhe show'd,
 95 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
 Held from afar, aloft, th'immortal prize,
 And urg'd the refl by equal ſteps to rife.

De Arte Critica Liber.

II

Ipsa invisa manet, superans effectibus usque.

80 Ingenii, quoque sunt, quibus indita copia caelo,
Sed quibus, utendi, simul, ars, hoc munere deit;
Iudicio ingenioque nocet nam pugna perennis,
Auxilio quamvis vt mas, et femina iunctis.

Musarum qui flectit equum, potior stimulante est,
85 Infrenum fistas freno, tum subdito calcar.
Nobilibus nec equis pennatus Pegasus impar:
Namque statu cursu, rapidis magis ignibus ardet.

Haec praecpta reperta olim, simulataque nunquam,

Sunt natura quidem, methodi sed iure polita.
90 Sic natura stat imperio par unius; ipsis
Legibus arcta modo, quas iussit origine prima.

Graecia docta suas ennormes indicat aptas,
Indulgere fugae, quandoque resistere fas sit;
Vertice Parnassique suos ostentat alumnos,
95 Demonstrans, queis nixi fint praecelsa viarum;
Tum procul aeternam levat in sublime coronam,
Urgeat ut reliquos adscendere passibus aequis.

Si

Essay on Criticism.

Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.
100 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world, with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd;
But following Wits from that intention stray'd;
105 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Set up themselves, and drove a sep'r ate trade,
Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd;
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern Pothecaries taught the art
110 By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moth's e'er spoild so much as they.
115 Some drily plain, without invention's aid
Write dull receipts how Poems may be made.
These lost the sense, their learning to display.
And those explain'd the meaning quite awry.

You

De Arte Critica Liber.

Sic leges iustas quum magna exempla dedissent :
Summit ab his dono, sua quondam munera caeli.
100 Vatum animis Criticus generosior addidit ignes,
Terrigenisque dedit mirari cum ratione,
Arts Critica, evadens Musarum deinde ministra,
Ornando formam, cuput mage fistere amandas.
Hoc errare scopo scioli coepere sequentes,
105 Matronam desperantes, ambire ministram,
Rem sibi habere suam, commercia sola tenere,
Arma Poëtarum sic propria, vertere in ipsos ;
Ante alias, sedet hisque, suos odisse magistros.
Artem nostrates docti sic pharmacopoleae
110 Per medicas schedulas tentare Machaonis ausa,
Leges exercent audaces, haud sibi notas,
Praescribunt, adhibent, satuos vocantque magistros.
Priscorum chartas spoliant hoc tempore quidam,
Nec tempus tot agit praedas, neque gr̄ex tinearum.
115 Destituit sicce planos inuentio quosdam ,
Latvam scribentes formam, qui carmina pangas.
Hi sensum linquunt, ut plurima nosse putentur,
Exponendo alii mentem evanescere cogunt.

Vela

Essay on Criticism.

You then whose judgment the right course would
steer,

- 120 Know well each Ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope of ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
- 125 Be Homer's Works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night,
Thence form your judgment, thence your notions
bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring;
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
- 130 And let your Comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro sung of Kings and Wars,
Ere warning Phoebus touch'd his trembling ears,
Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law.

And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:

- 135 But when t'examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.

Con-

De Arte Critica Liber.

15

Vela igitur recto, stat, censor, pandere cur-
su?

120 Scriptorum veterum noscatur rite character,
Fabula, subiectum, finis, quem pagina ponit,
Religio, regio, genius quoque temporis eius.
In quae singula ni iunctim tua lumina figas :
Rixari poteris, verum discernere nunquam.

125 Sint studium, sint deliciae, quae scripsit Homerus.
His perlustrans noctemque diemque fatiges.
Nam species illinc sunt, iudiciumque petenda.
Musarum ad fontes sursum vestigia lustres ;
Cellatum pergas secum sic voluere Homerum ;
130 Lustranti sit Musa comes, qua Mantua fulget.

Arma Maro, Regesque canens aetate vidente,
Cynthius anteaquam tremefacto velleret aures :
Lege sibi visus Critici fors altior esse,
Spernebat, nisi naturae de fontibus, haustus
135 Quum vero partes examine penderet omnes :
Invenit mirans, quod idem natura, & Home-
rus.

Con-

Essay on Criticism.

- Convinc'd, amaz'd he checks the bold design;
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagirite o'erloock'd each line.
 140 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
 To copy nature is to copy them.

- Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles Poetry, in such
 145 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a Master-hand alone can reach.
 If, where the rules not far enough extend;
 Since rules were made but to promote their end;
 Some lucky licence answers to the full
 150 Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common track.
 Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true Critic's dare not mend;
 155 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

Which

Convictum stupor a cursu, quem cooperat, arcet;
Tam strictæ leges mirumque poëma coercent,
Vifa stagiræo quasi linea cuncta fuisset.

- 140 Hinc justæ priscas venerari discito leges;
Exprime naturam, cupiens imitamen earum.

At veneres quasdam praeceptis nemo revelat.

Sollicitum aequiparat fortuna subinde laborem.

Nonne Poësi Musica par? Rident in utraque

- 145 Quot Charites, supra methodum, nomenque locinae,
Artificisque manus, quas sola capessere, possit!
Sicubi curta tibi satis haud præcepta patebunt;
Quae formata, suas ut possint tangere metas;
Assequiturque satis nonnulla licentia felix

150 Propositos fines: haec ipsa licentia lex est.

Pegasus utque viae commpendia carpere possit;

Audacter liceat concedere tramite vulgi.

Est quondam ingenii offendere gloria magnis,

Surgendi in mendas, queis censor patet honestus.

155 Ordini neglecto vulgares vincere metas;

Trans artis sphæram veneremque prehendere pos-
sunt,

Essay on Criticism.

Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.

- In prospects, thus, some objects please our eyes,
160 Which out of nature's common order rise;
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
But care in Poetry must still be had,
It asks discretion ev'n in running mad.
And tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade;
165 As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made;
Moderns beware; or if you must offend
Against the Precept, ne'er transgress its End;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
170 The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his Laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous
thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
175 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,

Which

Quae sine censura penetralia cordis adire,
Atque scopos una valeat contingere cunctos.

Sic oculis quaedam spectanda objecta placebunt,

160 Quamvis confuetis, que fert natura, recedant;
Horrida stat rupes, praeceps pendetque profundum.
Carmina sed curam poscunt, limaeque laborem,
Vtque modestia cernatur comes ipsa furoris.

Sic sua si veteres praecepta invadere tentant,

165 Iussarum Reges vt soluunt vincula legum,
Id nostri caueatis, et offendere subacti,
Nullo, normarum, transcendite tempore, fines;
Rarius id fiat, fieri sin exigit usus,
Et veterum saltim si vos exempla tuentur.

170 Impediet Criticos alias miseratio nulla
Legibus utendis famam comprehendere vestram.

Novi equidem, quod sint, fallax audaciz quo-
rum

Has veterum Charites modo culpat liberiores.

Informis quaedam, visu monstrofa figura est,

175 Si nimium prope abest nobis, spectata seorsim:

Essay on Criticism.

Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display,
 His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
 180 But with th'occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
 Those oft'are stratagems which errors seem
 Nor is it Homer nods, bud we that dream;

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
 185 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands ;
 Secure from flames; from envy's fiercer rage;
 Destructive war, and all-devouring age.
 See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring:
 Hear, in all tongues consenting Paeans ring !
 190 In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral Chorus of mankind !
 Hail, Bards triumphant ! born in happier days ;
 Immortal heirs of univerſal praise !
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 195 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow !

De Arte Critica Liber.

21

In iustum, gradibus, solemque, lucumque redactam,
Gratia distantem recte, et bona forma decorant.
Vsque ducem cautum, cunctas haud pandere oportet,
Ordinibus paribus, copias, acieque venusta;
180 Ipsū consilium locus, atque occasio monstrant;
Robur dissimulans aliquando fugam simulato.
Martis furta tibi quoties errata videntur?
Sōnniat ipse legens, ac non dormitat Hōmerus.

Cunctis laurus adhuc antiquis floret in aris.

185 Non intra raptum manuum stat sacrilegarum,
Tuta manet flammis; livore, magis furibundo;
Martis ab excidiis; et tempore cuncta vorante.
Omnibus ecce suum thus adfert doctus ab oris.
Consonus ut paean linguis sonet omnibus, audi!
190 Tam meritam voces laudem comitentur et omnes,
Atque chorus totus repleatur terrigenarum!
Euge triumphantes meliori fidere nati
Vates! haeredes cunctarum in saecula laudum!
Quorum crescit honos cum temporis incremento,
195 Ut fluvii labuntur, et ipso flumine crescunt!

Essay on Criticism.

Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 Oh may some spark of your celestial fire
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire;
 200 That on weak wings from far pursues your flights;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes;
 To teach vain Wits a science little known;
 Tadmire superior sense, and doubt their own!

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 205 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head, with strongest bias rules,
 Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
 210 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find,
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
 Pride, where Wit fails steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense;
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 215 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day:

Trist

Laudabunt gentes quin nomina tanta futurae,
 Applaudent nondum detegiti laudibns orbis !
 Ut vester, vestras caelestis, semine, flammiae,
 Filius incendar tenuissimus, ultimus, opto;
 200 Inualidisque sequor pennis procul agmina vestra,
 Atque legens flagro, calamis sed contremo sumis,
 Notior haec sciolis ut rara scientia fiat :
 Tu ne fide tuo, demirans maius acumen.

Omnibus in causis hominum caecare dolosis
 205 Errans iudicium; tum laedere mentis acumen;
 Infirmum caput heu nimio clinamine flebit,
 Assidue comitans vitiosa superbia stultos.
 Quae natura valore istis dare noluit unquam,
 Ambitione supervacua compensat abunde.
 210 Invenies animis illam, quam corpore sortem:
 Spiritus, et sanguis si defunt, ventus abundat.
 Deficit ingenium? Fastu defendimur ultro,
 Qui vacui sensus immanem complet eroicum;
 Si vigil, haec, ratio deterget nubila mentis:
 215 Irruet in patulam, lux nescia cedere, veri.

Essay on Criticism.

Trust not your self; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend — and ev'ry foe.

- A little Learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
220 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fix'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
225 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
230 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
235 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A per-

Tu ne fide tibi. Noscantur ut omnia menda,
Utaris quovis, tibi proficit amicus, et hostis.

- Parva scientia nil nisi res discriminis plena;
Tuque profunda bibas, vel Apollinis effuge fontem,
- 220 Haustus ibi cerebrum libantis inebriat arenis,
Largior et potus tibi reddit sobrietatem.
Auspiciis primis praefervida munere Musae,
Audens pubertas, artis cito culmina tentat:
Dum circumscripto praescinditur aequore mentis
- 225 Adspectus parvus, spacium neque pone videtur;
Ulterius gressae stupet admiratio longas
Notitiae scenas, immensas atque recentes!
Sic hilares primo turritas tangimus alpes,
Vincimus et valles, caelum calcare videmur;
- 230 Aeternasque nives pedibus lustrasse remensas,
Ac remur montes, et nubila prima suprema.
His aditis, quis conspectu non contremis amplio
Frustrantisque viae, consurgentisque laboris?
Prospexitus crescens errantia lumina lassat,
- 235 Collibus exiliunt colles, atque alpibus alpes.

A perfect Judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its Author writ;
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;

- 240 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure, to be charm'd with wit.
 But in such lays, as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
- 245 We cannot blame indeed — — but we may
 Sleep.

In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts,
 Is not th' exactnes of peculiar parts;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call;
 But the joint force and full result of all.

- 250 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 { The world's just wonder and ev'n thine o Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprise;
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear,
- 255 The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Who-

Perfectus judex scriptum legere omne venustum,
 Hoc animi sensu sataget, quo scripsit auctor,
 Ad summam spectare, leves nec quaerere mendas,
 Si natura movet, si mens commota calecit;

- 240 Ne cedet stimulis tam stultis, tamque malignis,
 Ingenio capti pulcro generosa voluptas.
 Alterni placidum sed carmen fluminis expers,
 Quod limâ frigens praecepit legibus aetum,
 Mendaque declinans, serpit lentoq; quieto.
- 245 Non culpare quidem — — sed fas obrepere som-

num.

Naturae par ingenium; neque peccora tangit
 Singula quaque minutatim perfectio partis.
 Haud oculus, labrumque vocatur gratia venustas,
 Cunctorum sed vis ynita, effectus et omnis.

- 250 Sic ubi certam aadem commensam rite, tuemur,
 Gentibus attonitis, ipsi Romaeque stupendam:
 Impariter partes mens h[ab]uid stupefiet ad vnas;
 Omnis mirantes oculos coniuncta salutant;
 Neu molis mensuræ triplex monstroſa videtur;
- 255 Machina totius simul adstat daedala, et audax.

Essay on Criticism.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,

Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be;

In ev'ry work regard the writers End,

Since none can compass more than they intend;

260 And if the means be just, the conduct true,

Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,

To avoid great errors, must the less commit.

Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays:

265 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.

Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,

Still make the whole depend upon a part;

They talk of principles, but notions prize,

And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

270 Once on a time, la Mancha's Knight, they say,

A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,

Discours'd in terms as just, withs looks as sage,

As e'er could Dennis of the laws o'th stage;

Concluding all where desp'reate lots and fools,

275 That durst depart from Aristotle's rules.

Cernere quisquis opus, vitiis sine, vult, sine mendis:
 Vult quod nulla tulit, neque dat, vel subuehet hora.
 In quovis scripto scriptoris respice finem,
 Hoc etenim nullum comprehendere plura valebit;

260 Rectaque si via sit, si recte infistat eandem:

Appalatum meritum trivialis non vetat error.

Ingenio dites, homines ut moribus aptis,

Ne magnam incurvant culpam, properanto minorem!

Neglige quas normas verbosus censor acervat:

265 Laus etenim quasdam nugas nescire minutas.

Complures certâ Critici capti arte ministra,

Subiiciunt totum nostro quoque tempore parti,

Tantum honos est formis, de principiisque loquela;

Uni stultitiae thus libat quisquis amatae.

270 Incerto quandam Quixotus tempore fertur,

Olim praecipiens iter, offendisse Poëtam;

Protulit atque sonor ita iustos ore modesto,

Dennisius potuit scense ut de legibus olim;

Concludens omnes ratione, et mento carere,

275 Qui praecepta stagiritae dediscere tentent.

Auctor

Our author, happy in's judge so nice,
 Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities; what not?

- 280 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a combate in the lists left out.
 „ What! leave the combate out! „ exclaim's the
 Knight.

Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite.

„ Not so, by heav'n, „ (he answers in a rage)

- 285 „ Knights, sqires, and steeds, must enter on the
 Stage, „

The stage can ne'er so vast a throng contain.

„ Then build a new, or act it in a Plain. „

- Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,
 Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
 290 Form short Ideas; and offend in arts
 As most in manners, by a love to parts.
 Some to Conceits alone their taste confine,
 And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
 Pleas'd

Auctor subtili coepit sibi indice plaudens,
 Dramate confilium herois deposcere prompto,
 Materiam digito distinguere et indice nodum,
 Iungere moribus affectus; simul Unaque; quid non?

280 Omnia quae legem sapiebant condita rectam,
 At solo stabant viduae certamine partes.

„Vociferatur eques: quid? fit certamen omissum?
 Sit! vel Aristoteli mittatur unicus aequo,
 „Aedopol hoc erras: furibundus at iste reclamat.

285 „Quin equites, et equi scenam intrent, armige-
 rique!

Scena: sed haud paterit numerum comprehendere
 tantum.

„Aedificate novam, vel in aequore ludite campi..”

Sic Criticus cerebro vacuus, sed bile redundans,
 Ignarus, sciolus, non cautus, sed male sollers,

290 Et species format tenues, et in artibus errat:
 Partibus arreptis ut peccans moribus agmen.
 Mentis conceptis sunt sola libido quibusdam,
 Versibus hi cunctis gemmantia dicta notabant;

Hes

Essay on Criticism.

- Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
- 295 One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
 And hide with Ornaments their want of art.
- 300 True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
 What oft' was thought, but ne'er so well expres'd
 Something, whose truth convine'd at first we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind,
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
- 305 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
 For works may have more wit than does'em good,
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.

- Others for Language all their care express,
 And value books, as women men, for Dress.
- 310 Their praise is still — the Style is excellent;
 The Sense, they humbly take upon content.
 Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

False

De Arte Critica Literar.

33

Hos deliciat opus mancum, sine lege, et ineptum,

295 Scintillansque chaos, fulgiumque agrestis acervus;

Nec pi^oto Poëta procul, qui posse nescit

Nudam naturam, quam gratia viva venustat;

Sed quasvis partes, et gemmis, et tegit auro,

Atque ornamenti defectus occult artis.

300 Vera venusta voco: naturam veste decoram;

Quae crebro meditata, est nunquam tam bene pronta;

Quae primo licet obtutu cognoscere vera;

Vnde tuae redent tibi reddita mentis imago.

Vt lucem tenues commendant suauius umbras;

305 Ornant ingenium sic plana, modestaque verba.

Nam salibus poterit nimiis opus omne repleri:

Sanguinis excessu pereunt ut corpora passim.

Ait hominum partem linguae modo cura fatigat,

Ista libras censet, mares ut feminas, veste.

310 Omnis quam crepat ore, stili praestantia laus est,

Negligit, hoc, blande, lateat qui tegmine sensus.

Verba paro foliis, ubi copia largior vndat:

Raro solent subter, fructus crebrescere mentis.

C

Prif.

False Eloquence, like the Prismatic glass,

314 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;

The face of nature we no more survey,

All glares alike, without distinction gay.

But true Expression, like th'unchanging sun,

Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,

320 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still

Appears more decent, as more suitable;

A vile conceit in pompous words expres'd,

Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:

325 For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,

As several garbs, with country, town, and court.

Some by Old words to fame have made pretence;

Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense!

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,

330 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

Unlucky, as Fungofo in the Play,

These sparks with awkward vanity display

What the fine Gentlemen wore Yesterday;

And but so mimic ancient wits at best

De Arte Critica Liber.

55

- Prismatico similis vitro facundia falsa
315 Dispergit varios quo quis quoscunque colores;
Amplius haud facies naturae tangit ocellos,
Cuncta nitent pariter laeti discriminis orba.
Eloquium verum sed, ut inuariabile Phoebi
Clarat, et emendaat, Sidus, loca lumine sparsa,
320 Quo res quaelibet suratur, neque vertitur illa.
Est expressio formarum, quas singis, amictus,
Visque decentior apparens, quo sicut magis apta.
Idea sed repens ampullis prodita vanis,
Agricolae par est, quem regia purpura vestit,
325 Namqde stilum varium diversa obiecta reposcunt:
Ut campo veste, aula variantur, et urbe.
Extinctis quidam verbis venantur honorem,
Antiqui phrasibus, sed sensu valde recente.
Genses haec difficiles, lingua tam prodigiali,
330 Indostros rapiunt, doctis occasio nifus.
O miseris! Ut Fungosum comedie vidit.
Vox bellos homines iactantia stulte colorat
Vestitus hesternis, a diuite gente relectis.
Ad sumnum priacos imitamini, et ingeniolor,

335 As apes our grandfathers, in their doublets drest,
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold:
Alike fantastic, if too new or old.
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd;
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

340 But mast by Numbers judge a Poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or
wrong;

In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her Voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,

345 Not mend their minds; as some to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there,
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;

350 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes,
Where e'er you find the cooling western breeze,

335 Ut simiae proavos, cultae thoracibus horum.
Moribus obtinet, ut verbis, haec regula semper:
Delirat, pariterque, recens nimis atque vetustum.
Omnia, sunt, noua qui tentant; ne sis caput ipsius:
Syrrha nec istorum, qui vix, antiqua reponunt.

340 Plurima pars numeris sed amat censere Poëtam,
Aspera, laetitia, recta solet, vel prava vocare.
In Musae decus ut coniurent mille lepores:
Solam stulta stupet vocem, studiosi tonorum,
Parnassoque frequens, captetur ut suribus esca,
345 Immemor est cordis. Sic quidam templa frequen-
tant,

Dogmata nil curant, modo Musica personet amores.
Obvia poscitur his aequalis syllaba tantum:
Aurem saepe queat lassare vocalis aperta;
Inualidas dum suppetias causa dicta ministrant,
350 Et pigra verba decem stulta unica linea cogit;
Ille soni certi dum pulsat circulus aures,
Exspectata redit, qua linea definit echo.
,, Prigerat aura tuos Zephyri si flamine culnos,

In the next line, it whispers thro' the trees;

- 355 If crystal streams with pleasing murmurs creep,
The reader's threaten'd, not in vain, with sleep.
Then, at the last, an only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a Thought:
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,

360 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow:
And praise the easy vigor of a line,
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweet-
ness join.

- 365 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,

370 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud billows lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough voice should like the torrent roar.

What

„Linca dusta sequens flabris persibilat ulnos.

355 „Murmure dum serpunt crystalliora flumina presso

„Lectori somnus prodest hoc omne fesso.

Postremo geminus, claudens haec agmina, versus

Vestit, quae nil significant, quibus idea nomen;

Vanus Alexandrinus abit concludere carmen,

360 Compagem lentam retrahens, ut sauciis unguis.

Chordâ semper obseruit eadem gens ea! Discit,

Quidus decors trahat, vel quid languore retrahet.

Linea laudetur facilis nescenda vigore.

Denhamii quas vim Walleri melle maritet.

365 Copia vera stili non manat forte, sed arte.

Qui didicit saltare, mouet sic membra scienter.

Cribrior asperitas ut defit, non fatis hoc est,

Namque sono, quaecunque canunt, imitanda Pot-

Molle fluunt moduli, Zephyri spiramus suavi,

370 Labitur et lenis numeris mage lenibus annis.

Ast litus reboans dum fortia flabra flagellant:

Raukus rugiat ut torrens in turbine verius!

Essay on Criticism.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw;
The line too labours, and the words move slow.

- 375 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th'unbending corn, and skims along the
main.

Hear how Timotheus' various lays surprize
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!

While, at each change, the son of Lybian Love

- 380 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the World's victor stood subdu'd by Sound!

- 385 The Pow'r of Music all our hearts allow;
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now."

Avoid Extreams; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.

At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence;

- 390 That always shows great pride, or little sense.
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,

Which

De Arte Critica Liber.

41

Ajax dum nititur iaculando pondera rupis :

Tarda laboret linea motu; lentaque verba.

375 Non ita siue Camilla celer vult vertere campum,

Flesteret nec segetes, summusque volare per ap-
quor.

Timotheus variis det mente ut cantibus, audi,

Surgendo motus alternos, atque cadendo;

Filius en Lybii Iouis vritur vt vice quauis,

380 Gloria, quas subdit, flammis vel amore liqueficit;

Iamque feris oculis scintillat flamma furoris,

Iam suspiria ducuntur, lacrimaeque liquantur.

Persas natura, et Graecos voce mouit eadem,

Subiectusque sono tum viator substitut arbis.

385 Musica vis agnoscenda est a pectore quovis;

Timotheus quique his : nobis Drydenius idem est.

Evites horum vitia in contraria cursum,

Qui nimiumque, nimisque parum sentantur, et ardent

Oderis offendit nugis queiscunque minutis;

390 Unde tumor mentis, vel paruum prostat acumen.

His caput hand multum certe, stomachusque valebit.

Essay on Criticism.

Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.

Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move.

For fools admire, but men of sense approve.

- 395 As things seem large which we thro' mists defcry.
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

39

Some the French writers, some our own despise;

The ancients only, or the moderns prize.

Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd

- 400 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Mealy they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;

40

- 405 Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm de last:
Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,
And see new clearer and now darker days,
Regard not then, if wit be old or new,

40

- 410 But blame the false, and value still the true.

41

Some

- Nausea queis semper, quibus est digestio nunquam.
 Non moueant quaevis animum vestigia laeta:
 Namque stupent stulti, sed laudant mente valentes.
 395 Maius ut appareat, nebulâ quod Iupiter urget:
 Frons solet quaevis vesania magnificare.

- Pars Gallos tendit, pars nostros temnere vates;
 Hi veteres solos, tollunt hi laude hodiernos;
 Ut quo fides; sapor et a quauis parte tributus
 400 Exiguae sectae, modo in hac iacente salutem.
 Mi latagunt humiles caeli cohibere fauorem,
 Et Phoebi radios in solam cogere partem,
 Qui non austrinum limat modo mentis acumen,
 Matutans Helices gelido sub climate mentes;
 405 Lapisque principio misit per saecula lucem,
 Currens illustrat, postrema calore beabit:
 Decrementa licet post incrementa sequantur,
 Mox niteatque dies, tenebrosaque nube tegitur.
 Ingenium solis hinc ne spectetur ab annis,
 410 Temnire sat spuriū, vero concedite palnam!

44

Essay on Criticism.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.

415 Some judge of authors names, not works, and
then

Nor praise, nor blame the writings, but the
men.

Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with Quality,
A constant Critic at the great man's board,

420 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.

What wofull stuff this madrigal would be,
In some stray'd hackny Sonneteer, or me!

But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!

425 Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted Stanza teems with thought!

The Vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft' the Learn'd by being singular;

So

Iudicio proprio, sunt, qui clarescere nolunt;
 Sed vicō captant oracula peruaga toto;
 Praegressos, ratione imitantur, mentis et usu,
 Et sibi liras, haud proprias tribuunt, sed auitas.
 Non opus auctorum censem, sed nomina quidam,
 Tum laudant, culpantue homines, haud scripta vi-
 rorum.

Hoc omni pecore ex seruo deterrimus iste,
 Qui piger, et vanus, viuit cum gente praealta,
 Assidet hic mensis magnorum Criticus; ardens
 Quaerere, ferre logos, praecellsis auribus escam.
 Carmen, materies, hoc, quam miserabilis est!
 A me, siue vago triviis recinente Poëta!
 Vindicet at dominus fors versus forte beatos:
 Quam stilos, et limae labor, o quam splendet acu-
 men!

Illico menda fugit quaevis tam nomina sacra,
 Et grauida est sensu strophe mox sublimior omnis.

Sic imitando vulgus aberrat tramite veri,
 Ceu docti crebro deliramenta sequentes;

Tam

Essay on Criticism.

So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng

430 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:

So Schismatics the plain believers quit,

And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night;

But always think the last opinion right.

435 A Muse by these is like a mistres us'd;

This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;

While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,

Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.

Ask them the cause; they're wiser still they say;

440 And still to morrow wiser than to day.

We think our fathers fools; so wise we grow;

Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

Once School-divines this zealous ifle o'erspread;

Who knew most sentences was deepest read;

445 Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,

And none had sense enough to be confuted.

Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain.

Amidst their kinred cobwebs in Duck-lane.

Tam parui ducunt plebem, ut si forte caterua

430 Incidit in rectum, studio in contraria migrant.

Schismatici sic, ore, relinquunt, plana professos.

Illos ingenium nimium modo damnat auerno.

Mane novo laudant, quae culpant vespere quidam,

Vltima sed semper sententia iusta videtur.

435 Utuntur, veluti varianda pellice, Musa.

Hora Deam sistit praesens, at proxima seruam:

Dum mens imbellis, patuli simulamine vici,

Mox sapiens, mox insipiens, alternat ad auras.

Fxquiris caussam? Se nunc sapere altius aiunt.

440 Crastina lux mage prudentes hoc lumine promet.

Credimus esse patres fatuos! Sapientia quanta!

Progenies ita nos dubio fine nostra putabit.

Anglia, te quondam diuisa, scholastica turba!

Doctior isque fuit, qui dogmata plurima norat;

445 Omnia materies rixae, promissa, fidesque;

Nemo satis, docto, sapiens erat, ore refelli.

Nunc remanent in pace fori, Scotista, Thomista,

Quo promercales affinis aranea iunxit.

Quum-

Essay on Criticism.

If faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,

450 What wonder Modes in wit should take their turn?

Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,

The current folly proves our ready wit;

And authors think their reputation safe,

Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

455 Some valuing those of their own side, or mind,

Still make themselves the measure of mankind;

Fondly we think we honour merit then,

When we but praise our selves in other men.

Parties of wit attend on those of State,

460 And publick faction doubles private hate.

Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,

In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus;

But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;

For rising merit will buoy up at last.

465 Might he return, and blefs once more our eyes,

New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise,

Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,

Zeilus again would start up from the dead.

Quumque fides variis vndarit vestibus ipsa:

450 Ingenii quare variatio mira modorum?

Consona naturae linquendo, et idonea saepe,

Publica stultitiae rabies nos iactat acutos;

In tutoque locant auctores omnia famae

Viventis, donec fatui dant ore cachinnos.

455 Partis nonnulli socios, mentisque colentes,

Humani generis cupiunt exempla putari,

Suffeni meritos, nobis decorare videmur,

Laudandis aliis dum nos modo tollimus ipsos.

Ingenii partes mox regni partibus astant.

460 Publica priuatas ita factio duplicat iras.

Drydenium inuasere furor, fallacia, fastus,

Vultu Narcissi, Censoris, Presbyterique.

Sed ratio valuit. ludos superare superstes.

Nam virtus surgens tantum succedit olymbo.

465 Illius redditus si lumina nostra bearet:

Surgere deberent Blackmori, Milburnique;

Magnus Homerus itemque caput si tolleret altum:

Zeilus ex orco superas resiliret ad auras.

Essay on Criticism.

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
470 But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.
For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
475 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes;
480 And 'tis but just to let 'em live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years!
Now length of a fame our second life lost;
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast.
485 Our sons their father's failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithfull pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,

Where

- Liuorem cernas comitem virtutis, ut umbram;
- 470 More sed umbrarum praesentia corpora signat.
 Ingenium, quod in inuidia; solisque labores;
 Corporis oppositi, propriam neque crassitatem dant.
 Sol radiis primum nimis acribus aera spargens,
 Illos qui condunt, valet attraxisse vapores;
- 475 Ipsae dein nubes ornant vestigia Phoebi,
 Reflectunt iubar insuetum, lumenque serenant.

- Sis primus merita virtutem extollere laude.
 Luus perit illius, mora cuius clauserat agmen.
 Excipit angusti nunc carmina terminus aequi;
- 480 Illis quam primum vitam concedere iustum est.
 Tempore, non aetas, hoc amplius aurea, quia fuit
 Ingenio Patriarcharum millesimus annus!
 Perdita nunc famae duratio, vita secunda;
 Et duodena, vident illius funera, lustra.
- 485 Nostra propago notat patris purgamina lingua.
 Quod nobis Chaucerius: erit Drydenius ipsi.
 Haud aliter fit, peniculus si duxit Apellis,
 Conceptam egregiam pingentis mente figuram;

Essay on Criticism.

- Where and new world leaps out at his command,
490 And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live;
495 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

- Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
500 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost;
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which most our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
505 Still most our trouble when the most admir'd;
The more we give, the more is still requir'd;
The fame with pains we gain, but loss with ease;
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;

'Tis

- Cuius ubi iussis orbis nouis exit apertis,
 490 Artificemque manum natura parata secundat,
 Quum mites coëunt, tactu mollesque colores,
 Et suave in iustum lucem liquuntur, et umbram;
 Dumque liquantibus, est quivis perfectior, annis;
 Audacique venit cunctae iam vita figurae:
 495 Fallitur ambiguus ars pulcra coloribus, atque
 In nihilum pictura nitens resoluta refertur.

- Ingenium infelix, ut plurima, quae probat error,
 Quam facit inuidiam, non compensare valebit.
 Illius, iuuenes, laudem iactamus inanem.
 500 Irrita vox, breve durat enim tua vita caduca;
 Flores ut pulcri, primo quos vere videmus,
 Flore suo gaudent, florescendoque labescunt.
 Illud acumen enim, nobis acerrima cura,
 Coniugis est veri mulier, qua gaudet adulter;
 505 Quo magis admirantur idem, magis angimur ipso.
 Quam magis usque damus, tanto plus poscitur usque.
 Parta labore perit nullo molimine fama;
 Quosdam verabit certe, haud placet omnibus unquam,

"Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
510 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well.

515 Tho' Triumphs were to Generals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the Soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
520 Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill Author is as bad a Friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!

525 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost!
Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is humane, to forgive, divine.

But

Inde malos metus incessit, formido bonosque;
510 Est odio stultae, stat pravae victima genti.

- Ingenio si tot parat ignorantia casus:
 Ah ne tale animis assuesce, scientia, bellum!
 Obvia victores spectabant praemia quondam,
 Laus acuens adeo tentamina pulcra manebat.
515 Ut ducibus fuerint proprii post bella triumphi:
 Ornandis quoque militibus seruata corona est.
 Parnassi qui nunc caelestia culmina tangunt,
 Illud agunt, aliis ut possint ferre ruinam;
 Quumque innatus amor scriptores diuidat omnes,
520 Ingenia inter se certant, ludibria stultis.
 Pessimus enixe meritos celebrare dalebit,
 Peior amicus enim, quo quis mendorior auctor.
 Ad quas infames per vilia compita metas
 Vrget mortales laudis sacrata cupido!
525 Ah vereare sicim talem iactare nefandam,
 Neu Criticae indulgens humanos erue sensus!
 Iudicii comes interior semper bona mens sit.
 Errare est hominum, sed condonare Deorum.

- But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
530 Not yet purg'd of, of spleen and sow'r disdain:
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile Obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
535 But dulness with Obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rankweed, and thriv'd with large increase;
When Love was all an easy Monarch's care,
540 Seldom at council, never in a war;
Filts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay Wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit;
The fair late panting at a Courtier's play,
And not a Mask went unimprov'd away;
545 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smil'd at what they blus'h'd before —
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then first the Belgian morals were extoll'd;

We

De Arte Critica Liber.

57

Nobilibus faeces si mentibus hic superarent,

530 Nondum purgatis splenem, neque fellis amara;

Hic delicta furor magis irritantia sternat,

Quis adeo nunquam mala tempora nostra carebunt.

Turpibus at verbis nostrum est ignoscere nunquam:

Quamvis ingenii, mentem, vis tangat, et artis.

535 Sed Bogotica sus quae fert obscena, patescant,

Ceu furians Venus effoscos, sic turpia certe,

Deliciis, aetas, opibus, pinguisque quiete,

Ortum, te, dolium largis laseuiit herbis;

Dum Carolus soli ioculans indulget amori,

540 Concilio rarus, neque bello apparet acuto;

Scorta tenent regnum, Maecenatesque theatra;

Meredem ingenium, dos nobilium puerorum;

Pulchra cohors spirat scenis, quas aulicus aptat;

Laruaque nulla subit, quir doctior inde reddat;

545 Amplius haud mos est, flabella leuare modesta;

Subrisit virgo, quibus antea mota pudore.

Concomitans aliud peregrina licentia regnum,

Audentis, coepit, faeces haurire, Socini;

Balgica tum primo fuit Ethica laudibus aucta,

550 We their religion had, and they our gold :
 Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of Salvation;
 Where heav'n's free subjects might their right di-
 spute,

Left God himself should seem too absolute.

555 Pulpits their sacred satyr learn'd to spare,
 And vice admir'd, to find a flatt'rer there !
 Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licenc'd blasphemies —
 These monstres, Critics ! with your darts engage,
 560 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice ;
 All seems infected that th'infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

565 Learn then what Morals Critics ought to show ;
 For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
 'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning join ;
 In all you speak let truth and candor shine :

That

550 Aurum nos Batauis — — hi redditum religio-
nem.

Formauit populos incredulus ipse Sacerdos.
Atque vias pandit breuiores iste salutis,
Subditus vnde poli sua liber iura tueri
Possit, ne nimium videatur despota Numen.

555 Pulpita tum satirae didicerunt parcere sanctae,
Et vitium ficta mirans ibi pascitur esca !
Excitum sic astra petit titanium acumen,
Prelaque Titanum scriptis impune gernebant.

O Critici iaculis haec monstra inuadite vestris.
560 Hic rabiem saturate, huc fulmina vestra vibrare !

At nolite sequi probroso angore molestos,
In vitium auctores per vim, sine iure, trahentes ;
Si contagio quem laesit mala sputa videntur,
Curcta oculis flauent, morbus quos regius vrget.

565 Officii partes disce hinc censoris honesti ;
Dimidias peragit, fatis est cui noscere, index.
Haud, iuncta ingenio doctrinaque sufficit, arsque
Eniteat verbis verum, candoris et ardor.

Omnia,

That not alone what to your judgment's due;

570 All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;

And speak, tho' sure with seeming diffidence:

Some positive, persisting sops we know,

That, if once wrong, will needs be always so;

575 But you with pleasure own your errors past,

And make each day a Critic on the last.

"Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;

Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.

Men must be taught, as if you taught them not,

580 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.

Without good breeding, truth is disprov'd;

That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;

For the worst avarice is that of sense.

585 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,

Nor

De Arte Critica Liber.

6

Omnia, iudicio non solum ut debita, vestro,
570 Quiuis concedat; vestrum sibi quaerat amorem.

Supprime suspensi vocem discrimine sensus;
Linguam et coniucti, quasi diffidentia tardet.
Obnixos, licuitque immotos, noscere stultos,
Qui semel errantes, errori semper inhaerent.
575 Tu mendas age praeteritas fateare lubenter,
Vnoquoque die postremi Criticus es.

Consilium, haud satis est, ut vero consonet usque
Vera ruditis linguae falsis peiora politae.
Gens humana, aliud veluti, doceatur, agendo,
580 Atque ignota refer, velut obliuione sepulta.
Vera placent nunquam, sine rectis moribus, ulli:
Excellentis enim ingenii trahit hinc amor ortum,

Nunquam consilio caussam praetere triparco:
Mentis enim tenues credas sine more tenaces.
585 Turpibus obsequiis fidei ne debita prode,

Neu

Nor be so civil as to prove unjust,
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise,

- "Twere well might Critics still this freedom take;
- 590 But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce Tyrant in old Tapestry!
Fear most to tax an honourable Fool,
Whose right it is, uncenfur'd, to be dull;
- 595 Such without wit are Poets when they please;
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful Satyrs,
And flattery to fulsome Dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
- 600 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
"Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain;
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
- 605 Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep

And

Neu tam̄ fis comis, cedas vt tramite iusti.

Ne stomachetur enim sapiens, nolito timere;

Laudem qui meruit, minime est monitoribus asper.

Hac utinam venia gauderet Criticus usque;

590 Appius ad quaevis autem tua dicta rubescit,

Terrorum incutiensque minaci lumine inhorret,

Antiqua horribiles vt dant aulaea tyrannos!

Celsos inprimis fatuos culpare cauete,

Quaeis sine censura fas insipientibus esse,

595 Si lubet, ingenio sine, queis licet esse Poëtis;

Vt sine doctrina titulis gens ista superbit.

Infaustis satyris discrimina linquite veri;

Blanditiis lasset, qui libris dedicat auctor;

Laudibus at cuius populus mage credulus haud est,

600 Quam si promittat scriptis cessare nouellis.

Virgam praestabit quondam suspendere vestram,

Et vanis esse humane concedere stultis.

Probris tunc vestris potiora silentia vestra.

Quis mordere potest, hos donec penna fatiget.

605 Coepit murmure amant lentum seruare tenorem.

Gyrat

And lash'd so long, like Tops, are lash'd asleep
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace,
What crouds of these, impenitently bold,

- 610 In founds and jingling syllables grown old;
Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezing of the brain;
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence!

- 615 Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
The bookfull blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learning lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,

- 620 And always list'ning to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads affails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales,
With him, most authors steal their Works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

- 625 Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,

Nay

- Gyrat habena illos, dum pacet, turbinis instar;
 Passibus at falsis modo gressus accelerantur,
 Vilis equus citius, si facta offendit, pergit.
 Quantus eorum grex audens, neque poenitet istum.
 610 Consenuit, dum vana sonans male syllaba tinnit;
 Continuans, dum vena furit, compondere versus,
 Ad faeces adeo, pressi cerebrique liquamen;
 Excutit ingenii reliquas dementia guttas,
 Atque soni reducis rapit hos amor, et furor impos.

- 615 Fronte carent quidam vates; verumque perinde,
 Quod Criticis rabidis pudor exsulet ore quibusdam,
 His truncis vis librorum, indigestaque moles
 Depressit caput; enormis, perdocta supellex!
 Propria lingua tamen proprias sibi fascinat aures,
 620 Semper et auscultans haec semet, turba videtur;
 Quisque liber legitur, post impugnatur ab ista,
 Fabula Drydenii, Durfeii filia logorum;
 Plurimus aut or ei fur est, operis sue redemptor.
 Garthius huic nuncquam sua dispensaria scripsit.
 625 Drama nouum memores; et erit dilecta Poëtae,

Nay show'd his faults — — but when wou'd Poets
mend ?

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor in Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-
yard,

Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;

630 For fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.

Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full yollies breaks,
And never shok'd, and never turn'd aside,
635 Bursts out resistless, with a thund'ring tyde!

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach and yet not proud to know?
Vnbiais'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully proposess'd, or blindly right;

640 Tho' learn'd, well-bread ; and tho' well-bread, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe;

Blest

Quin mendas carpit, — — Vates quis corriget
vnquam?

Quae loca sacra queunt obice hos defendere stu-
tos?

Area nec tuta est, neque Paulli tutior aedes.

Arriperes aras; vrgent tua fata loquendo.

630 Irrumpunt satui nam, quo timet incola caeli.

Solliciti ingenii pudor omnia verba decorat,

Secum habitat semper, breuis est excursio linguae.

Sed voces subitas crepitans recordia tollit,

Offendit nunquam, neque caute respicit vnqnam,

635 Fulminis instar agit rapidi, fluetusque tonsantis.

Dic mihi Musa virum, dic consiliique potentem,
Quem iuuet instruxisse alios, doctrina nec inflet,

Haud fauor imprudens, haud indignatio flestat;

Neu videoas plenum tricis, umbracue tenacem;

640 Doctrinae mores, candorem moribus addat;

Quique seuerus, et humanus, submissus, et audax,

Ingenue errores monstrare sit aptus amico;

Gaudeat et meritas hosti quoque reddere laudes;

Essay on Criticism.

Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd ;
 645 A knowledge both of books and humankind ;
 Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride ;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side ?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few,
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew :
 650 The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the Maeonian Star.
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
 655 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
 Recov'd his laws; and stood convinc'd, 'twas fit,
 Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.

HORACE still charms with raceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense,
 660 Will like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way;
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit;

Might

Dos Cuius fapor exactus , sed limitis expers,
645 Cognitio tam librorum , quam terrigenarum;
Conuersatio nobilior ; mens libera fastu;
Atque cupido laudandi , ratione sodali ?

Sic quondam Critici felices , nomina rara,
Roma, et Athenae quos meliori tempore norunt.
650 Fortis Aristoteles nudauit litora princeps,
Omnia fecit vela , aufusque profunda secare,
Dissita detexit tuto moderamine prora,
Maeonio semper fulgenti fidere ductus.
Vatum exlex, immune, diu, genus inde sacrorum,
655 Quod tumido percussit amore licentia bacchans,
Illi adsumsit normas, iustumque putauit:
Naturae ingenioque hunc palma gemella quo ornaret.

Illecebris simplex permulcet Horatius aures,
Ingeniumque tuum methodo sine reddit acutum.
660 Sicut amicus auet transmittere saepe , et aperte,
Tramite, quo nil planius est, verissima menti;
Iudicio, ingenioque nec est praestantior alter.

Essay on Criticism.

Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ;

Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;

665 His precepts teach but what his works inspire.

Our Critics take a contrary extreme,

They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm

Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations

By Wits, than Critic's in as wrong Quotations.

670 See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,

And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholars learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find

675 The justest rules, and clearest method join'd.

Thus useful arms in magazins we place,

All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;

Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,

But to be found, when need requires, with ease:

Thee,

De Arte Critica Liber.

71

Audax ut scriptor, potuisset Criticus esse;

Frigidus at iudex persenfit Apollinis ignes,

665 Quodque opera inspirant, solum praecepta reuelant.

At Critici currunt plane in contraria nostri,

Consent ardentes, at non sine phlegmate scribunt;

Neu patitur spuriis translatus Horatius horum

Ingeniis mage, quam Critico nunc saepe citatus.

570 En Dionysius ut claret, quae sensit Homerus,

Versibus atque dedit veneres existere cunctis !

Ridet imaginibus, gratiae Petronius arte,

Doctrinas solidas, atque aulica commoda iungens.

Tum verbosum opus, et graue scriptum Quintilianis

575 Optima, perspicua methodo, praecepta reuincit.

Horrea sic pandunt venturis usibus arma,

Ordine quaeque locum retinent sortita decenter;

Non animum modo uti pascat prospectus inanem,

Sed manibus potius, fatis urgentibus, adsint.

Essay on Criticism.

- 680 Thee, bold Longinus, all the Nine inspire,
 And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire!
 An ardent judge; who, zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence yet is always just;
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
 685 And is himself that great Sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
 Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
 And arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew.

- 690 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom;
 And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome;
 With tyranny, then superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 695 And to be dull was constru'd to be good;
 A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At lenght Erasmus, that great, injur'd name,
 The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!

Stem'd

- 680 Audax te inspirant blandas, Longine, camoenas,
 Fortunantque suum Criticum feruore Poëtas.
 Ardens vt iudex, mandato fungeris acri,
 Quid statuas, calide profers; iustissimus usque;
 Auctoritas cuius leges corroborat omnes;
 685 Sublime exemplar, sublimis imaginis auctor!

- Successere diu sic critica, iustaque regna,
 Frena dedere feris, aptas legesque sacrarunt.
 Aequali imperio creuere scientia, Romaque;
 Et comites artes, aquilas pressere volatu.
 690 Ambae postremo perierunt hostibus iisdem.
 Mūsis, et Romae tulit aetas vna ruinam;
 Atque superstitia coniuncta tyrannidis ausis,
 Edomuit mentem, domuit velut altera corpus.
 Pulrius credita sunt, ast intellecta parumper,
 695 Ac stupor, et bonitas eadem sunt nomina visa.
 Hoc ita diluuio tegitur doctrina secunda,
 Quod coēpere Gothi, mōnachorum finiūt ordo.

Nominis ingentis, dein, laeti, venit Erasmus,
 Ille gregi sacro decori fuit, atque pudori,

700 Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those Holy *Vandals* of the stage.

But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays!
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
705 Shakes of the dust, and rears his rev'rend head;
Then Sculpture and her sister arts revive,
Stones leapt to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
A *Raphael* painted, and a *Vida* sung!
610 Immortal *Vida*! on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow.
Cremone now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to *Mantua*, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from *Latium* chas'd,
715 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses past;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance;
But critic learning flourish'd most in *France*:
The rules, a nation born to serve, obeys;

And

700 Ille stitit rabidum per barbara saecula flumen,
Exagitata per hunc sancta est gens Vandala scenis.

Quaelibet, aspice, Musa per aurea secla Leonis,
Exstasim effugiens, sua flaccida laurina format;
Antiquus Romae genius, sparsusque ruinis,
705 Pulueris horrorem excutit, et caput erigit altum;
Arsque venixit Praxitelis, cunctaeque sorores;
Forma salit lapidi; rupes agere ingrediuntur,
Et meliore modo surgentia templa sonare.
Tum pinxit Raphael, cecinit tum Vida Poëta,
710 Vida immortalis, qui sensit fronte decorâ,
Vatis apud criticas hederas pro crescere lauros.
Visque Cremona tuum iactet memorabile nomen!
Mantua tangis eam! Te tangit laude Cremona!

Sed Latio rufius, diro mox Marte fugatus,
715 Aonidum veteres grex metas translit circul;
Artes ad septem quâ promouere triones;
Critica sed Gallos apprime floruit inter.
Haec gens nata iugo, facilis präcepta faceſſit.

Sceptra

And *Boileau* still in right of Horace sways.

720 But we, brave *Britons*, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy the *Romans*, as of old.

Yet some there were, among the sounder few
725 Of those, who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
Nature's chief master piece is writing well.

730 Such was Roscommon — — — — not more learn'd
than good,
With manner gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own;
Such late was *Walsh* — — — the Muse's judge and
friend.

735 Who justly knew to blame or to commend:
To failings mild, but zealous fort desert;
The clearest Head, and the sincerest Heart,

This

Sceptra tenet semper Boilauius omne Horatii.

720 Iura ferox autem peregrina, Britannia temnit,
Atque invicta manens, et moribus aspera mansit,
Ingenii libertatem fera frendit, et audax

Prouocat antiquos Italos hoc tempore, ut olim.

Attamen et quidam, pauca inter pectora, sani,

725 Lumine praestantique fuerunt, tamque modesti,
Ut, mage iustum ausi veterem defendere cauissimam,
Ingenii instaurarent heic fundamina legum.

Sic tibi Musa canens exemplo, et legibus olim;

Naturae princeps quod opus: scripsisse scienter.

730 Sic Roscommonius, doctusque, bonusque perae-
que,

Moribus excellens, ut sanguine nobilis alto;

Scripta venustaque cui Romana, et Graeca, fue-
runt,

Exemptaque sua, austoris laus cognita cuncti;

Walshius et nuper Musarum censor amicus,

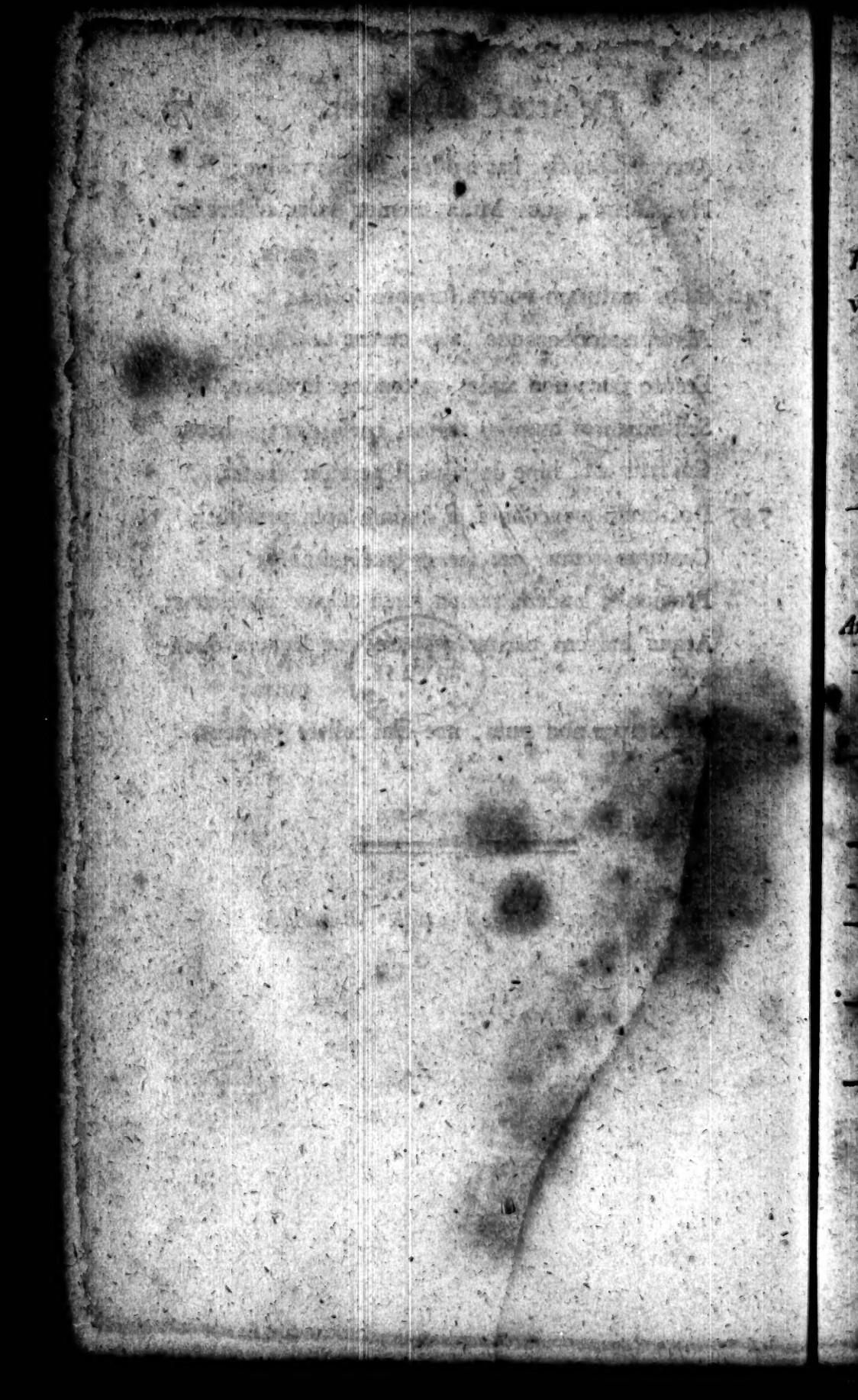
735 Qui iuste culpare, et commendare sciebat;
Per facilis mendo, meriti feruensque patronus;
Ingenio, atque animo, cui non certauerit vius.

Accipe

- This humble praise, lamented Shade! receive;
This praise at least a gratefull Muse may give;
- 740 The Muse, whose early Voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd the tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursion tries,
Content, if hence th'unlearn'd their wants may view,
- 745 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew;
Careless of Censure, nor too fond of Fame,
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
Nor free from faults, nor yet to vain to mend.

Accipe submissas has laudes, flibilis umbra;
Hos saltim, quos Muia memor valet addere ho-
nores,

- 740 Cuius maturam vocem formare solebas,
Aëra praescribensque, alas curare tenellas;
Erepto duce non audet contendere in altum,
Sed numeros humiles tentat, cursusque minutos,
Cui satis est, hinc defectus si percipit excors,
745 Doctorumque cohors si dudum nota reuolut;
Censuræ secura, nec amens laudis amore;
Pronior in laudem, tamen haud culpare pauescens;
Atque horrens pariter palpare, ac laedere quen-
quam;
Mendarum non pura, nec illas tollere spennens.
-



Errata.

Prefat. Linex.

VIII.	2.	capiditate	<i>legē cupiditatē</i>
IX.	15.	intra	<i>l.</i> — inter.
XII.	6.	augustiorem	<i>l.</i> angustiorem.
—	13.	villā	<i>l.</i> villāque.
XV.	8.	collus	<i>l.</i> collis.

Versus emendati.

Anglici. Latini.

- 146. Sin famam facere est animus, famam quo-
merere,
- 147. Natura notans, quibus est mens obviam fa-
tum stupori,
- 148. Socia clementia et normas iniuncte ap-
picias,
- 149. Cinebria nisi naturae de fontibus, hau-
stus.
- 150. Quor Charites, supra methodum, no-
menque locatiae,
- 155. Oratio ad electo vulgares vincere metas,

Anglici. Latinis.

- 156 Trans artis sphæram, veneremque pre-
hendere possunt,
- 160 Quamvis consuetus, ut fert natura, rece-
dant;
- 170 Impediet Criticos alias miseratio nulla,
- 175 Si nimium prope abest nobis; spectata
seorsim.
- 176 In iustum, gradibus, Solentique, locum-
que redactam,
- 190 Tam meritam voces laudem comiterunt
ut omnes,
- 197 Applaudent nondum date
bes!
- 227 — New distinctions of Englishmen!
- 257 Vult, quod nulla talit, ne
subiectum habet.
- 262 — As men of breeding! Some men
of wit,
- 275 — That durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
- 283 Sit! vel Aristotelei mititur nuncius aequo.

Anglici. Latini.

- 292 *Mentis conceptus* sunt sola libido quibus-dam,
- 300 — True wit is nature to advantage dress'd;
- 301 — What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
- 302 — Something, whose truth, convinc'd at sight, we find;
- 303 — That gives *Us* back the image of our mind.
- 311 — The sense, they humbly take upon con-tent.
- 331 O miseris! Vt Fungosum comoedia vi-dit:
- These Sparcks with awkward vanity dis-play,
- Vestibus hesternis, a diuite gente reli-
- 934 And but so mimic ancient wit at best,
- *Lincea* dulca sequens flabris persibilat vlmhos.
- 361 — Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know,

Anglici. Latini.

- 360 Compaginem lentam retrahens, vt sauci
us anguis.
- 364 Denhamii quae vim Walleri melle mari
tat.
- 372 Raucus, rugiat, vt torrens in turbine,
versus.
- 383 Persas natura, et Graecos vice mouit
eadem
- 399 Utque fides, sapor est a quavis parte tri
butus
- 406 — Enlights the present, and shall warm the
last:
- 423 Vindicet at Dominus fors vetus Sorte
beatos:
- 439 Exquiris cauffiam? Se nunc sapere ultim
a iungit.
- 453 In tutoque locant auctores Ossian Suisse
- 464 Nam virtus suetens fundem miscedit
olympo.
- 465 Illius reditus si lumina nostra bearet,
- 479 — Short is the date, alas, of modern
rhymes;

Anglici. Latini.

- 483 — Now length of fame [our second life]
 · · · · · is lost;
- 484 — And bare threescore is all ev'n that can
 boast.
- 489 — Where a new world leaps out at his
 command,
- 505 Quo magis admirantur idem, magis an-
 gimur ipso;
- 539 — When Love was all an easy Monarch's
 care,
- 541 — *Jilt* rul'd the state, and statesmen far-
 ces writ;
- 544 Laruaque nulla subit, *quin* doctior inde
 recedat;
- 566 Dimidias peragit, *Satis est* cui noscere,
 index.
- 576 Vnoquoque die postramae Criticus *est*.
- 589 Hâc utinam venia gauderet Criticus *Vs-*
 que;
- 590 — But Appius reddens at *each* word you
 speak,
- 594 Quis sine *censur* fas insipientibus esse,

Anglia. Latini.

- 598 Blanditiis laffet, qui *Libras* dedicat auctor;
- 609 Quantus eorum grec audens, neque poetit et iustum,
- 610 — In *Sounds*, and jingling syllables grown old;
- 620 Semper et auscultans eadem le turba videtur;
- 623 Plurimus auctor ei fur est, operisue redemtor.
- 624 Garthius huic sua non dispensatoria script.
- 627 — No place so sacred from such *sep* is barr'd.
- 628 — Nor is Paul's church more safe, than Paul's church-yard;
- 647 Atque cupido landandi ratione sedet.
- 647 — And love to praise, with reason on his side,
- 648 — Such once were Critics; such the happy few,

Anglici. Latini.

- 654 Vatum, exlex, immune diu genus inde, sacrorum,
- 658 — Horace still charms with *gracefull negligence*,
- 667 — They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm,
- 671 Versibus et dederit Veneres existere cum-
Etis!
- 674 Tum verbosum opus, et graue scriptum
Quintiliani,
- 674 — In grave Quintilian's copious work we find,
- 694 — Much was believ'd, but little understood,
- 694 Plurima credita sunt, ast intellecta pa-
rumper,
- 706 Arsque reuixit Prantelis, vixere sorores;
- 708 Et leuiore modo surgentia templa sonare.
- 718 — The rules, a nation born to *sirve*,
obeys;
- 722 Ingenii libertates fera frendit, et au-
dax

Anglici. Latini.

- 724 Attamen et quidam, pauca inter pe-
tora, sani,
- 725 Lumine praestantique fuerunt, tamque
modesti,
- 736 — To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
- 747 — Nor free from faults, nor yet too vain
to mend.
-